



Brief vom Schweffelbrenner. SCHLIFLETOWN, Uekdober der 14ta, '68.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER -Dear Sur-Yets bin ich awer amohl happy! Un de Bevvy, de is so gepleased un gekitzeld das se yusht exactly gookt das wann se grawd frei rous Hollyloojer kreisha wet. Un der Sam Dinkop un der Joe Muckafiggel un de onnery kupperkep wu als dort ons Kitzelderfers rum kucka un nine-shrike whiskey saufa, selly gooka yusht grawd das wan a yeadas fun ebna dorrick an ulfa rohr g'shluppt wor. Un es is aw keh wunner, for so we meer, des is, ich un de Bevvy un de onnery Republicans se amohl gebutta hen geskader, fergessa se immer un ewaich net.

Un course, we ich amohl de Republicans gejoined hab, un we ich un de Bevvy awfonga hen tsu lockshtumeera for der Grant, hen de kerls shum seh kenna das der gous jig up is mit 'em Seimoyer. De fact is, ich hab's g'wist das ich un de Bevvy un my influence tsu fiel is for se. Om letshta Dummershdog owat bin ich un de Bevvy ob g'start un sin niwver noch Adamstownshteddle uf de meeting, dort wu der Mider Kornel Forney un der FODDER ABRAHAM un seller g'shwire Billingsfield dort selly shpeecha g'macht hen. We ich broposed hab for tsu geh war de Bevvy om butter dreaht a, un weil se aw om bocka war, un hut noch de wesh drous henka g'hat, hut se g'mecht se kent net geh, un awer we der butter fertich war domm hut se conclude ehn net wessa un solsa bis der negst dog, un weil es so feel kupperkep hut doh im shteddle, un weil se mer my watch g'shtola hen we ich uf ehra Seimoyer's Convention war, hut se aw all de wesh rei g'numma, un domm hab ich amohl der shimel eig'shponnt, un de Bevvy hut sich uf gedressed un ob sin mer. Weil es awer a wennich gegookt hut for reaya hut de Bevvy ehra wocha bonnet aw gedu. Awer, cheemany fires was hen awer de leit hurrah'd we se uns selma hen geh! We mer noch Reamstownshteddle kumma sin domm sin mer grawd forna nous hinnich 'em band wauga g'fabra un der FODDER ABRAHAM (de Bevvy behawpt er is der sheinst monn in Lengeshter county) is grawd hinna noch kumma mit sellam Royer wu seller shtation halt dort uf em Railroad. Well, des ding war goot, we mer noch Adamstownshteddle kumma sin hen mer grawd onsg'shponnt un sin tsu foos in der possession mei un amohl dorrick's shteddle gemarch'd, un domm uf de meeting wu se de shpeecha g'macht hen. Seller Kornel Forney fun Fildelly huts ehna awer amohl gevva, un so we er g'shpeech'd hut fergess ich un de Bevvy immer un ewaich net.

Doh in Schlifletown sin awer de Kitzelderfer's nine shrike whiskey demokrata down uf mich weil ich geshter amohl a bully goots 'publican diket nei gevote hab, un awer ich bin yetz independent un da we ich will, for de Bevvy backed mich uf we a monn. Der alt Joe Windmiller hut awer hort broweert mich widder tsurik uf ehra side kreeya, un awer er huts net gous kumma kenna. Om Fridog nummidog is er tsu mer kumma we ich om grunbeera ons macha war in der lut dort kinnich 'em shtall, un hohls mich der deihenker wan er net a whiskey buttle ons em sock hut un hawa wella das ich amohl elms ob petza set, awer ich hab ehm g'sawt das all de leit in Schlifletown kenna mich net macha ny ad brecha, abbdorch wann de Bevvy uf fünf mile negst is. Well domm sin mer so a wennich in a wrangle ni kumma, un doh geb ich der exactly we mers g'hat hen mitmonner.

"Du warsht doch now net geaya de goot alt demokratisch party geh" secht er, "un awer es kummt mer fore das du ob bist. Un now," secht er, "du warsht doch nix geaya der demokratisch flatform hawa."

"Well, now," sog ich, "sell fershtay ich net. All das ich wehs is das de Bevvy all right is, un das eier party's leit mer my watch g'shtola, hen we ich uf der Seimoyer's Convention war."

"Yah awer now Pit," secht er, "du weasht, de reiche leit eagena all de bender, un de onny missa se betzahla, awer

du's demokratisch diket vota, un domm kumma de doxa ruuner, for mer hen im sin se ob tsu tsahla mit greenbacks."

"Un is sell yetz de mehning fun demokratisch flatform?"

"Well, yah," secht "es is."

"Un is es de mehning das meer domm all reich warra we de wa de bender hen?"

"Well," secht der Joe, "sell will ich net yusht sauga, un awer uf seller weg werd doch de shuld betzahlt."

"Un sog now amohl," hab ich g'sawt, "hen se domm greenbacks genuik for all de bender ob tsu casha?"

"Ei nay," secht er, "awer se missa ewa noch melmer macha, un sell is net hort tsu du, for bobbeer is geduldich, du weasht, uns drucka kosht net feel."

"Donn" sog ich, "uf course, wards geld orrig plenty."

"Exactly" secht er, "geld plenty—dort hush recht—for sell gehna mer nei."

"Un denksht mer kreeya domm aw gold for unser greenbacks?"

"Well nay, uf course net, for du weasht, so feel gold huts alleweil net."

"Donn" sog ich, "hen er im sinn de shuld betzahla mit bobber wu om end net feel wart is weil es so feel hut das de leit net wissa was mit tsu du, un uf den weg kennta meer awan ordlicher howfa sommla."

"Exactly so," secht der Joe—"ich seh shun das du's fershtaysht."

"Awer" sag ich "ferleicht mist ich a pund greenbacks im ruck sock hawa ally mohl das ich a pund tsugar kawfy wet im shtore."

"Oh ich denk doch net das es so feel nemma deht," secht er. "Sell deht sich so fun selver regulata. Awer now, Pit," secht er, "ferleicht dehts dich suta mer selly kleh note ob tsu tsahla wu du mer shuldich bist, for de fact is, ich brauch's geld."

"Uf course," hab ich g'sawt, "ich bin redder ders tsu betzahla, according tsun demokratisch flatform."

"Un was meansht by sellam?"

"Ei wann da mer de note gebst domm geb ich der an onnery, un uf seller weg warsht betzahlt, for sell is der weg we du mer der demokratisch flatform explained hush."

"Yah awer es is nix im flatform fun weaya der note wu du mer shuldich bist."

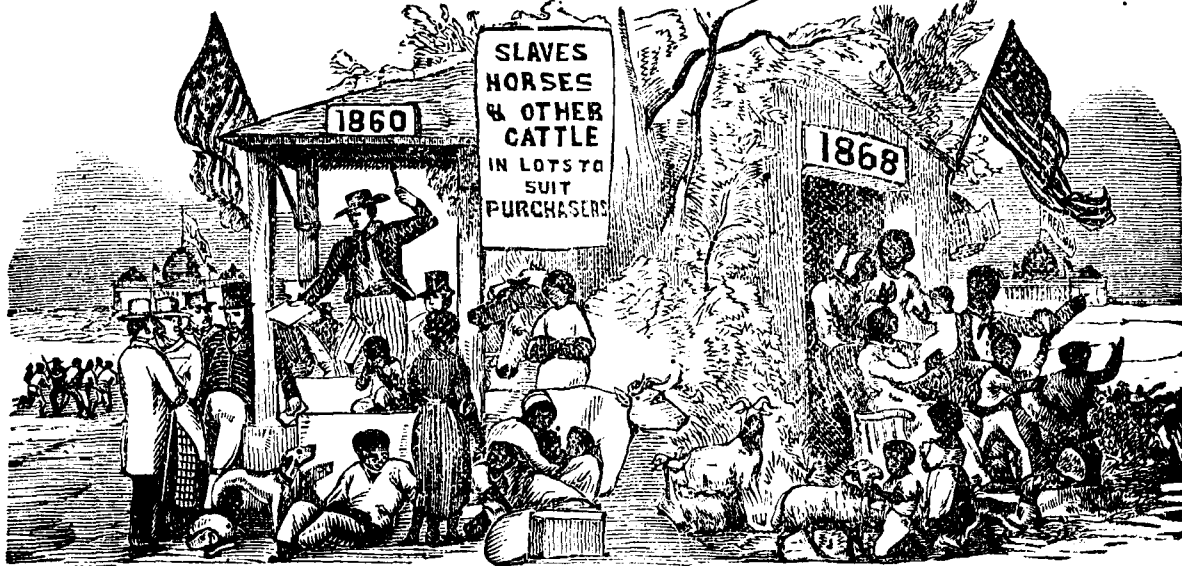
"Awer sell macht meer now nix ons," hab ich g'sawt, "for wann da a demokrat bist domm musht aw shtay uf demokratische brinciples."

"Du bist mer doch de note shuldich, un wann du an ehrlicher monn bist domm betzahlt mer se aw. According tsu deiner proposition wit mich drous behsheisa!"

"Es is yusht so fair das ich dich betreeg os das de demokrata mich betreeya ons meina greenbacks, odder mein nocher sein bond." No sir, "hab ich g'sawt," du musht net denka das ich so dum bin das ich eich net fershtay. Anyhow, selly note hush fun mer kriekt we ich g'suffla war un we mer korta g'shepeld hen dort ons Kitzelderfers, un weil se shun iwer sex yohr alt is, un weils ken ehrlliche shuld is, betzahl ich se anyhow net. Awer ich will compromisa mit der, "sag ich;" de note is dreisich dahler, un ich bin willens der an order gevva uf eier party leit wu mer my watch g'shtola hen, un sell macht uns ewa."

Der Joe is domm uf un ob, un we er tsu der lut nous is iwers folder hut er g'saut ich wu er ferdeivelter torn-coat un net besser das a shtraweller un a meener frei shool monn, un we er fort war bin ich nei ins hous un hab der Bevvy alles g'sawt, un se hut mer exactly recht gevva. Hurra for Grant!

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER. N.B.—Schliffletown kummt all recht iwer a while. Forran yohr war's 22 demokratisch un des yohr yusht 20. Demnoch gehts noch about elf yohr bis mer se beeta kenda. P. S.



THE DEMOCRATIC SOUTH AS IT WAS: BARBARITY, SLAVERY AND DEATH!

THE REPUBLICAN SOUTH AS IT IS: LIFE, LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS!

Selected.

A Botherayshun Consarnin the Naygur.

BY DIXON O'FLAHERTY.

A question I'd ax, Misthur Saymore, Or a matter that's bothered me quite; It distresses me mind in the mornin' And throbbles me dhramin' at night. Me course I'd be shapin' accordin, To the genuine Dimmekrat plau, But its bothered I am wid the question— Is the naygur a baste or a man? Shame, isn't it Dimmykrat doctrine 'The naygur's a two-fitted baste, Wed wood like a shupe, an' a pairfume Disgoostin' to paypul of tayste; A lip like a shlice of shale liver, An' a fat that is built on a plan That wud shute an Afrikin monkey, But devil a bit ov a man. An' baste's it bin demonstratid He can never have brains in his skull, For listed ov hair on the outside 'The naygur has nothing but wool. An' as dhrity an' black are his faytures As the soot ov a little or pan; So a baste ov some sort is a naygur; He niver was meant for a man. But here, bedad, is the puzzle 'That bothers me night an' day; Whin the South, in the days of her gloory, Was under Dimmykrat shway; The naygur was held in subgeeshun On the old Patriarkal plan; He was counted up wid the cattle, An' not set down as a man. But now it is Dimmykrat practice, South ov Mason an' Dixon's line, To thrate a wooly-head naygur Like a gudleman shuprefine. He is asked to Dimmykrat maytins: If he wants to spake he can; An' the spacie ov the baste is phrintid 'The same as the spache ov a man. By the side of a black dirty naygur, A white Dimmykrat sits down to ate: They tip off their whiskey in friendship, And the Dimmykrat offers to thrate. To Saymore an' Blair they kape drinkin Together as long as they can; On the fure thin they lie down together— 'The baste by the side of the man. Its puzzled I am beyant sphakin; Divid wan ov me knows where I shtand, Or can till when I mate with a naygur, To tip him me fist or me hand. I'll go mad wid this same botherashun; I've stood it so long as I can; What is the new Dimmykrat doethrine— Is the naygur a baste or a man?"

NASBY.

AN UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE CORNERS—HOW THE CITIZENS OF THAT QUIET LOCALITY WERE COMPELLED TO TAKE UP ARMS IN THEIR DEFENCE—MR. NASBY'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR. POST OFFICE, CORNBREIT X ROADS, (which is in the State uv Kentucky.) September 28, 1868.

For fear that colored statements of the late unhappy affair which occurred at this place, may be sent North to the prejudice uv the Democracy, I hereby make a calm and truthful statement uv it. I will prefis my account by statin that the citizens uv the Corners have allus desired to live on amicable terms with the colored men, feelin that their interests are more or less identikle. To show how completely we hev conkered our prejoodisses and how much we desire peace, I will state that for a month ther hev bin only two niggers hung, and then under circumstances uv grate provocation. One of em made a face at Issaker Gavitt, and tother refused to give Kernel Punt credit for a load of watermelons, claimin that the Kernel already owed him, and that there wuz no law for a nigger to collect debts uv white men. Uv course we can't stand insilence from em.

The late unpleasantnis originated in this wise. The Radikels uv this county hed given out that they intended to hold a politikel meetin at this place on the 20th instant. I knew that ef they did it, blood would flow, for I knowd the temper and feelings uv our peaceable citizens. To avoid bloodshed, I sent word to em not to come—not to hold the meetin—that ef they did, I cood not be held responsible, and ther blood would be on ther own heads. Partikelerly I warned em not to come armed, for our citizens woud stand that anyhow. We kin never permit men who differ from us to carry arms, ez in case we hev dispoos with em, they mite be dangerous. My well meant endeavors wuz frootlis, and Issaker Gavitt thot he'd try. On the mornin uv the day, Issaker rode out to find ef they were bound to come in, also whether they wuz armed. He returned reportin uv em comin, and every man uv em armed to the teeth. At 10 A. M., the procession entered the town hed by moosic and the nashnel flag. Ez it passed Bascom's, Issaker Gavitt, who hed a double-barreled shot gun in

his hand, happened accidentally to let the hammer fall onto the nipple, when it went off.

Unfortunately it wuz pinted in the direeshun of the procession, and a nigger fell from his horse with the top uv his head blowed off. To increase the disorder a small rock, playfully throwed by Kernel Punt at about the same time, struck another one on the head, and several other rocks from others in and about Bascom's knocked several more uv em down. Hed the niggers passed on quietly all wood hev been well, but they didn't. Eager to quarrel, and full uv insolence, and reely seekin pretext to embroil us, the procession stopped in wild confushun, many uv em takin to the woods to create the impression that they hed bin attackt. The dooplicity of the nigger character is beyond findin out! We wuz surprisid at their breakin up so suddenly, and for a miuit we didn't know what to do.

Ez the percession stopt in front uv Bascom's our citizens conjectured their design wuz to attack the grosery, which is reely the citadel uv the town. In Bascom's is all the liker we hev; in Bascom's our innocent revels is held; and Bascom's we will defend to the last! What wuz we to do? Unarmed and helpis, we were unprepared for this. But heaven smiled onto us, and gave us the means to defend ourselves.

The rifles, revolvers and shot guns belongin to the principle families uv the Corners and the surroundin country happened to be in Bascom's, stackt up behind his bar, and providenshelly they wuz all loadid and capt. In a miuit's time they wuz distributid, and afore the mob cood organize to make the attack a well directed volley wuz poured into em. This dismayed em, and the entire mass uv em, sich ez wuzn't killed, fled to the woods. Two uv the blood-thirsty wretches wuz shot at the edge of McPelter's woods by the Captain and Elder Pennibacker, who feared that they wuz goin in there to reorganize and return to complete their dreadful work. Elder Pennibacker killed one inhuman villain with an axe, which had bin wounded in the leg and wuz found in a corner uv his fence tryin to stop the flow uv the blood. All that day a posse uv citizens were engaged in quellin the fears uv the community by huntin down these dangerous incenjaries with dorgs and kilfin uv em, for ez they exceeded us in numbers we reely trembled for the safety uv our wives and children.

After a terrible day, the agitated town wuz restored to its wontid peece, and the citizens slept ez yoosunl. The casualties on our side is not so large ez mite hev been expected, when we consider the fearful purpose uv the barbarians who assaied us. Deckin Pogram wuz seriously injoered by a rock which Issaker Gavitt histed strate up in his unthinkin excitement, and poor Kernel McPelter's shot-gun bust the second time he fired it, takin orf his thumb. These injoories sustained by our citizens may be charged directly to the infernal niggers who would provoke our peaceably inclined people. But they suffered for it. Eleven uv them wuz killed, and some thirty or forty wuz wounded. The latter hev been all cared for. They wuz taken to the County Infirmary for treatment—the expensas being charged up to em ez a lien upon their property, wich will, of course, be sold to defray it.

Old citizens do not boast uv wat they hev done. They feel it wuz an unpleasant dooty they hed to perform, but they hed to do it. Corrupt and reckless neu hev bin leadin the colored people astray, and they hed to defend themselves. Hed they only taken my advice, and not attempted to hold their meetin, this wood net hev happened. Hed they not hev come into the Corners with moosic and a Nashnel flag a flyin, they wood net hev been killed. And even then, hed they gone on quietly after the fust one wuz shot, and the others wuz knockt down with stuns, I doubt whether anything more would hev bin dun.

They shoond't hev held meetins. We kin never endoor a meeting uv niggers, and we never will. Knowin this, why will they persist in holden of em?

The citizens uv the Corners agree unanimously (except Joe Bigler and Pollock) that all the blame must rest upon the niggers. I don't believe in appeals to arms, but wat kin we do when we are so driven?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M., (Which is Postmaster.)

P. S.—The President ineedn't send solgers down to protect us, at least so long ez Grant jis in command. Hed we General Rosel or Hancock in command, with Seymour ez President, it wood be different. Ez it is we shell hev to protect ourselves.

Shopping. She stood behind the counter— The day I'll ne'er forget— She thought the muslin dearer— Than any she'd seen yet; I watched her playful fingers The silk and satin toss; The clerk looked quite uneasy, And nodded at the boss. "Show me some velvet ribbon, Barege and satin turk," She said, "I want to purchase!" Then gave the goods a jerk. The clerk was all obedience, He traveled "on his shape;" At length, with hesitation, She bought a yard of tape.

—Young Lady of Eight Summers.— "Say, Georgie, when you are a great big lady and get married, what will you do, eh?" GEORGIE—"Oh, I expect I'll get a sewing circle, and go to the water-cure, and have lots of jewelry. What will you do, Sissy?" "Oh, me! I'll have a nice young man, with beautiful whiskers come to see me; and my husband, you know, he'll get mad, and I'll cry and go to Chicago, and sue for a divorce, and it will be in all the papers, and the reporters will say that I'm a pale and spiritual looking lady, and my husband is a brute; that I be so nice."

—"Three and sixpence per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the price-current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at only three-and-sixpence?"

—"Why is a lawyer like a sawyer?"— Because whichever way he moves, down must come the dust.

—"Well, Bridget, if I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I shall wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objections, providin' you do the same when I wish to go out."

—"Can I take either side and get to the depot?" inquired a stranger. "Yes, sir; or the middle of the street either," was the cool reply.

—This is the Connecticut remedy for bed-bugs:—Shake them all down into the middle of the sheet, and put some ice among them. Pretty soon you will see the little fellows getting upon their hind legs and beginning to thrash themselves to keep warm. After that you need not be afraid of their biting, but may go to bed and sleep secure from their attacks for the rest of the night.

—It is unwise to worry about what cannot be helped, and foolish to worry about what can be helped. Therefore worry not at all.

—An exchange suggests that druggists are indictable for selling blisters under the law against inflammatory plaeads.

—Rufus Choate used to say that the three most troublesome clients he had were, a young lady that wanted to get married, a married woman that wanted a divorce, and an old maid that didn't know what she wanted.

A dignified gentleman in going into church found his seat occupied by a stranger. Highly indignant thereat, he wrote upon a card, "This is my seat, sir!" and tossed it to the stranger. The latter wrote in reply, "It's a very good seat; what rent do you pay?" The indignant owner apologized.

—A Mrs. Boots, of New York, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and started for parts unknown. We presume this pair of Boots are rights and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots was right; but there is no mistake that Mr. Boots is left.

—When Marshal Narveaz, a blood-thirsty Spaniard, was on his death-bed, he was advised by his confessor, to forgive all his enemies. "I have none," replied the marshal, "I had them all shot long ago."

—An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser, "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success.—"Have you tried any victuals?" inquired the friend.

—"Larry," said a coquettish young lady to her cousin, prematurely bald, "why is your head like heaven?" "Don't know, I'm sure," replied the swell, "unless it has a shining crown." "Good, but not correct. Because there is no more dying or parting done there!"

—What strange creatures girls are! Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls; but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a whole lifetime for their victuals and clothes.

—A physician advertised that at the request of his friends he had removed near the church-yard, and trusted that his removal would accommodate many of his patients.

—Out in Iowa there is said to be an organization of females who call themselves Grant girls, and have for a motto "match us."

—Tailors may not be a very terrible set of human beings; but we have seen many a man who, although vain of his courage, couldn't look his tailor in the face.

—Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the further you can hear them.

—"Too big for his business," as the lady said to the sweep, who stuck in the chimney.

—The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse-chestnuts went into the market the other day, and inquired for a mock turtle to make "mock turtle soup" of.

—A Western editor, having published a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters on the public.